

LEADING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS, At Plymouth, Mass. 1630.

"Thy children's prayers, O Father, hear, And stretch thy saving arm; Our little bark in safety steer, And calm the raging storm."

"Twas thus the Pilgrim Fathers sang, Their God's protection claimed; As loud the bursting tempest roared, And keen the lightning flamed.

Whilst all was fierce contention round, And Hope no longer beamed; In Faith their consolation found, As through the mist it gleamed.

Like Love that in the darkest hour Glows more intensely bright; Whilst woe and peril round us lower, Faith she is her holy light.

No longer now the tempest blows, Nor lightning o'er them blaze; Now loud the Hallelujahs rose, And joyous songs of praise.

And why forsake fair Albion's shore, And seek a distant strand, The forest wilds to wander o'er Far from their native land.

And was it Peru's dazzling fame That lured them from their home, Or for Ambition's empty name Do they the billows roam?

Her gold nor fame will be their meed, A holier boon they win,— Unshackled with their God to plead And shun the death of sin.

arts and sciences—suppose that the art of printing had never been discovered, at what a stage of progress would we now find natural philosophy, astronomy, mechanics, navigation, and many arts which conduce so effectually to the comfort and preservation of mankind? Where would now be these liberties we hold so dear? In the womb of futurity. The discoveries of a Newton would have been the treasure of an exclusive few. Watt and Fulton would, perhaps, never have learned the first principles of mechanics; and Franklin might never have read a book, nor published a single principle tending to the independence of his country.

The ancients of Greece and Rome, certainly number some great and wise men; but, beyond the circle in which these learned men moved, how few received a glimpse of science, how few ever learned to read; and how difficult it was to obtain instruction books. Now, through the agency of printing, our means of acquiring knowledge are unlimited, and its dissemination is universal. The consequence is, that a greater number labor to unravel and make useful the secrets of nature and the progress of mankind towards perfection is a thousand times more rapid.

The printer, as an individual, comes directly under the constant influences of the instructive and liberal art he professes. The printer, reads more varied and general information, than the theologian, lawyer, or avowed philosopher. It is the printer's trade to read constantly, day after day, during his whole life; he earns his daily bread by reading—ay, and reading slowly and carefully, for he must follow and put the works we read into type letter by letter; he must dwell awhile upon every sentence.

Does the merchant know the prices of cotton and other goods in distant countries—the intelligence is perused by a printer before a merchant touches it. Does the politician discuss the affairs of nations—he owes his knowledge to the printer who is always ahead of him in points of information. Does the physician study the work of some profound Esculapius—let him look at the title page, and he will see that he owes the work to a printer, who has read it over and over to see that not a letter is wanted, not a comma out of place. The same may be said of the lawyer, the minister, and the scientific mechanic. The printer stands at the door of all their learning, and holds the keys which open it.

The printer is a great traveller. There are few printers in the United States who have not visited every State in the Union. They are sure of finding a printing office in every village, and consequently do not hesitate to travel wherever their fancy may lead them, sure of finding in their brother typographers, friends ready to assist them, give them work, or obtain a situation for them. The printers are consequently thoroughly acquainted with their country, in general and in detail; none can know better or speak of it more correctly. Sometimes he crosses the Atlantic; and, while he prints geographies and books of travels, he takes occasion to view with his own eyes every part of the old and new world.

The printer is always a good grammarian and frequently happens that men whose papers are esteemed by the public, come to the printer, that they are not when down asses. Often, very often, does it happen that manuscript is put into the hands of the type-setter full of gross grammatical errors, sentences devoid of sense, and without a single point or capital letter. When this has passed through his hands, the errors are corrected, the punctuation and capitals are all set in their proper places. The corrected author finds himself all at once a grammatical and logical writer, and basks in the sun of popularity, which he owes to some unobtrusive son of Gutenberg. He takes care not to give credit to the proper person; but on the contrary, should some of his blunders remain uncorrected, he is sure to lay them all to the charge of the "ignorant printer;" such is the false and unjust phrase ignorant writers frequently use.

No trade, class or profession, except those of law and physic, has furnished a greater proportion of learned and distinguished persons than the printer's craft. From the day of Franklin to the present time, our legislative halls, our places of honor, have been ornamented by talented and eloquent printers. The bar is often indebted to the printing office for some of its ablest members; in this city we have living and prominent examples of the fact.

The printers, wherever they can unite a sufficient force, generally form themselves into a society for the mutual protection, and for the purpose of assisting each other in cases of need. These societies fix the rates of wages, the hours of work, and provide for the sick and unfortunate. They bind themselves by the strictest and most honorable rules to preserve the dignity of their art, and to defend each other against the injustice of grasping employers. If a printer should dishonor his trade or work under wages, he is immediately stigmatized and disowned. It is very rare that a printer can be induced to dishonor the pledges he has given to his fellow-workmen.

The printer is essentially a democrat—that is to say, opposed to the aristocracy of riches, and though so far above the generality of artisans in knowledge and talent, yet he is proud of being called a mechanic, and he frequently boasts that his subsistence is earned by the sweat of his brow. Yes, ye proud nabobs, who loll in your carriages, and who would disdain to touch the hard hand of a mechanic, learn that there are mechanics who are by far

your superiors in every thing which elevates mankind above the brute. I know of many graduates of college who might be made to blush for their ignorance by the mechanic they despise. But the boast of these proud aristocrats must gradually fall beneath the power of the press; and it is probable that, when the laboring classes of Europe and America will claim their true rank in society, and will call for the enjoyment of more equal rights, their spokesman will be a printer.

LOVE.—By E. L. Bulwer.—How bright and beautiful is love in its hour of purity and innocence—how mysteriously does it etherealize every feeling, and concentrate every wild and bewildering impulse of the heart. Love, holy and mysterious love—it is the garland spring of life—the dream of the heart—the impassioned poetry of nature—its song is heard in the rude and unvisited solitude of the far forest, and the thronged haunts of busy life—it embellishes with its flames the unpretending cot of the peasant and the gorgeous palace of the monarch—flashes its holy gleam of light upon the measured track of the lonely wanderer—hovers about the imperiled bark of the storm-beaten mariner—enfleebles the darkly bending wing of the muttering tempest, and imparts additional splendor to the beacon that burns "on the far distant shore."

Love is the mystic and unseen spell that harmonizes and soothes unbidden, the wild and rugged tendencies of human nature—that lingers about the sanctity of the domestic hearth—the worshipped deity of the penitential, and unites in firmer union the affections of social and religious society, gathers verdant freshness around the guarded cradle of helpless infancy, and steals in moonlight darkness upon the yielding heart of despairing age—it hushes into repose calmness the chafed and bruised and unresisting spirit of sorrow, and bears it from the existing and anticipated evils of life, to its own bright and sheltering power of repose—transforms into a generous devotion the exacting desires of vulgar interest and sordid avarice, and melts into a tearful compassion the ice of insensibility.

The image of which holy and undecaying love has once portrayed on the deep shrine of the heart, will not vanish like lineaments which childhood's fingers in idle moments may have traced upon the sand—that image will remain there unbroken and unmarked—it will burn on undimmed in its lustre, amid the quick rush of the winds and the warring of the tempest cloud—and when the wavering "star of our late seems declining," the bowed and bewildering spirit, like the trembling dove of the patriarch, will meet its home and its refuge in that hallowed fane where love presides as high priestess of its sanctuary and consecrates to unbending truth the offered vows of her votaries.

Correspondence of the Charleston Courier.

Washington, April 6th 1837. Mr. Reuben M. Whitney applied yesterday to our Court, preparatory to his taking the benefit of the insolvent act, and filed in the Clerk's office his usual schedule of debts and assets. The day of hearing is fixed for Friday, the 13th inst. I have not heard whether there is any intention to oppose him, or whether any one is able to file any allegations for that purpose. The notice of this act, which will be found in the papers of this morning, has filled every one with astonishment, as it was generally believed that he was in the receipt of a salary from the Deposit Banks far beyond what he required for his annual expenditure. It is not above eight or ten weeks since that he gave a most splendid party, declaring that it should eclipse any party given in Washington during the same winter. Natural and artificial flowers were strewed in profusion about the supper table; the lights were dazzling, and the music was surpassing. The cost of that supper was said, at the time, to be above 1000 dollars, yet in his schedule he returns the whole value of his property, consisting of carriage, horses, plate and furniture, as only 3000 dollars. So that the supper cost him about one-third of what he was worth in property. His schedule of his debts is very terrific. To one creditor (H. Gates & Co., of Canada) he owes above \$11,000; and to a firm in Philadelphia, (Wiggins & Co.) \$85,000; and to the rest of his creditors, his schedule shows him to be indebted to the amount of nearly \$60,000. This is an alarming debtor and creditor account for one who is supposed to have been basking for some years in the sunshine of Executive patronage, and to have enjoyed unusual money facilities in consequence of the position he has occupied in reference to the Deposit Banks. It is hard to account for the utter destitution of means which this schedule presents, and as a natural consequence, many rumors disadvantageous to Mr. Whitney will be circulated.

MILITARY FLOGGINGS IN ENGLAND.—We have somewhere read that a private soldier in a regiment of militia once recovered heavy damages against his officers because one or more lashes had been inflicted upon him than had been awarded by the brutal sentence of a brutal court martial. That sentence, if I remember right, was a thousand lashes—i. e. nine thousand stripes; or, reckoning that each of the nine th's or thongs of the instruments of torture contains three knots, and that the executioners were then, and are now taught, on scientific principles, to make every thong tell—the infernal sentence would literally mean twenty-seven

thousand wounds. The victim in the case referred to, received this horrid punishment at three instalments—that is to say, when the flesh was so dreadfully torn that the presiding surgeon declared his life in danger from the loss of blood, or from the exhaustion of unbearable anguish, the mangled wretch was unbound from the triangular rack, and conveyed to the hospital, whence, when his wounds were healed, he was brought out to have them torn open again by the knotted cords, and this fiendlike process repeated till the number of lashes first awarded by the miscreants in epauletts had been inflicted upon him. Thousands of miserable wretches in the "good old times" underwent this infernal process; and if in the case referred to—of which we have but an indistinct recollection—a soldier did recover heavy damages we can but applaud the decision of the jury. In our opinion, utter ruin ought to overwhelm any beasts in human shape calling themselves men—not to say officers and gentlemen—who would consign a man to such inexpressibly atrocious punishment. Of late years some amelioration has been made to the extent to which the aristocratic amateurs of whiplash can indulge their unnatural penchant for tearing the "living flesh from men's backs." No man can be mangled twice on the same sentence; but if the surgeon decides that human nature can bear no more, ere the number of lashes awarded against the victim have been administered, the victim is pardoned the remainder. Courts martial, too, are restricted in their sentences to 200 or 300 lashes, although officers may manage to torture a man to death with 100 lashes, the general effect must be advantageous to the cause of humanity.—London Despatch.

PARIS, AND HER RESIDENT-FOREIGNERS.—A writer in a late number of the London Metropolitan avers that the prevailing spirit of the Parisians, present, is economy; and that the pomp, splendor, luxury and ostentation of the capital are exhibited almost exclusively by foreigners, such as "American pursur Col. Thorn, and the Spanish stock-broker Aguado, the Delmares, Hopes, Tohakins, Demidoffs, Rothschilds, and Welleses." And that the gaieties of Paris, are "the brilliant banquets of the Thorns, the splendid concerts of the Ferraras, and the witty coteries of Lady Keith." The autocrats of the Parisian society; he affirms, are the foreigners who rule it with a sceptre of gold; and truly, if his descriptions are correct, not the sceptre only is of gold, but the very box in which it is put away when not in use. The magnificent hotel (not house of accommodation for travellers, according to the use of the word with us, but private residence) of Baron Rothschild, is called Solomon's Temple, in reference to its gorgeousness; and it is declared to be covered with gold leaf, from the basement to the attic story. The gilding of each door cost a hundred guineas, and of every arm-chair fifty. And the very hearth-rugs of the Yankee bourgeois gentleman, as Col. Thorn is irreverently entitled, are said to be decorated with fringes of gold bullion.

PANTHER SHOOTING.—The St. Lawrence Republican has an interesting account of a contest between a man by the name of Haines, of the town of Edwards, in that county, and a large panther, in which the former was victorious, after exhibiting a degree of hardihood and perseverance, which fully entitles his adventure to a place along side of the well-known wolf affair of General Putnam. The story of Mr. Haines is, that on the 18th ultimo, while travelling through the woods, on the Haven tract, in the town of Pitcairn, he came across the recent track of a panther; he immediately returned home for his dogs and rifle, and started in pursuit. After following the animal in a zig-zag direction nearly six miles, he came to a ledge, into a fissure of which the panther had entered. Adding a second ball to his rifle, he commenced an examination of the cavern, and readily discovered the animal's position, by his shining eyes, which served as a mark, at which he took aim and fired.

"At the place where the panther entered, the ascent was nearly equal to that of the roof of a house, for twelve or fourteen feet, then extending downward under the floor of the entrance, nearly to the place where I stood—at which place there was another opening, but covered with snow two or three feet deep. I reloaded my rifle, and in the meantime, the dog and the panther, apparently in 'close communion,' had descended to the lowest aperture. Judging from the shrieks of the dog, that the contest was an unequal one, I threw aside my rifle, dug away the snow, and immediately pulled him out. The panther then ascended to the top of the lower cavern. After making the aperture sufficiently large, I crawled in six or seven feet, taking my dog and rifle with me, when, upon looking up, at the distance of seven or eight feet, I beheld the same glassy eyes, darting their fierce lustre upon me. Like the boy in quest of the bird's nest, 'with much ado,' I succeeded in bringing my rifle to bear upon his head; 'let sliver, sent my dog forward and immediately backed out, re-loaded my rifle, and prepared for another onset, should occasion demand. This I repeated three times in succession, each time sending my dog forward as a feeler. The fourth time I sent in my dog; they soon come down to the mouth of the cavern, the dog backing out, the panther having him by the nose, and his claws grappled into his shoulders, the dog of course having the

under jaw of the panther in his mouth; the object of the dog being evidently to get out of the cavern, bringing the panther with him. As soon as the panther's head came in sight, I fired a ball into his forehead; and here terminated my sport. Upon examining the head of the panther, I found that every ball (six in number) had taken effect. One eye destroyed, the roots of his tongue cut off, teeth knocked out, &c., all of which could not have been effected by the latter shot. Notwithstanding all this, he fought like a tiger, illustrating the truth of the axiom, that 'the ruling passion of life is strong even in death!' I have dressed the skin, and handsomely stuffed it; so that any one can see it, by calling at my residence in Edwards. Length, ten feet."

FRAGMENTS OF ARABIC POETRY.—An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek, by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her. "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

TIME.—The stream of time rolls rapidly away into the ocean of eternity, sweeping off in its impetuous course all human things. Beauty, fashion, genius, accomplishments, wealth, will be no more. Religion alone is destined to survive the ruin. Vain, then, very vain, all sublunary pleasures, all earthly advantages. "There is but one thing necessary."

FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS.—"Well Dinah," said a would-be belle, to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades, but do you see any of my bloom fading?—now tell me plainly, without any compliments." "Oh no, missa; but den me kinder tink?" "I tink what, Dinah; you're bashful?" "I h no, me no bashful; but den me kinder tink as how missa don't retain her colour quite so well as colored lady?"

PANDORA'S BOX.—A father was telling his son, not then seven years of age the fable of Pandora's Box. He said that all the evils which afflicted mankind was shut up in that box, which the curiosity of Pandora tempted her to open, when they all flew out and spread over the earth. "That cannot be," said the lad, "since curiosity tempted Pandora to open the box, which being one of the greatest evils of itself, could not have been in it!"

UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE.—A bill is now before the New York Legislature, to dispose of the unclaimed baggage, left at the different steamboat and stage offices throughout the State. Some hundreds of trunks remain unclaimed in the city of New York, and in Utica and Buffalo there are whole lots stored with them, which have been collecting these fifteen years.

ENCOURAGING.—Peter Strehorn, of Union county, Pa is the father of nine children, three of whom are sons, about six months old, born at one birth. A bill is before the Legislature, appropriating \$300 for his benefit, on the ground that "such instances of advancing the interests of the Commonwealth, by increasing its population, are rare." We believe there is a statute of the State of Tennessee, allowing a handsome bonus to such benefactors as Mr. Strehorn has proved himself to be.—Register.

A Signor Gavaldi, who has been amusing the audience at the Manchester theatre by shooting an apple from his son's head, or hand, with a rifle, missed the apple and struck the boy's hand, on one of his night's exhibition. The boy had the fortitude not to cry out, so that the audience knew nothing of the matter until after he was taken away.

An impertinent petit-maitre told a country gentleman in a coffee house at the west end of the town, that he looked like a groom. "I am one," replied he, "and am ready to rub down an ass."

SPECIFIC FOR BLINDNESS.—A quack doctor in the neighborhood of York, who advertises a universal specific for the ills of mankind, adds, that he attends to communications by letter, "but it is necessary that persons afflicted with the loss of sight should see the doctor."

GEOGRAPHY OF THE HEART.—A woman's No! is but a crooked path unto a woman's Yes!

RARE HONESTY.—A London paper relates of a driver in that city, in whose coach some ladies accidentally left \$10,000 worth of jewellery, when going to a ball, that the driver, as soon as he discovered the accident, immediately proceeded to the ball room and restored the lost property, much to the gratification of the fair owners, who gave him fifty pounds for his honesty. We related, not long since, a similar case in this city. An honest driver found a package of \$30,000 in his coach, and on returning it to the owner, he was presented with a new coach and a pair of horses—he being merely employed as a driver of the coach in which the money was left.—N. Y. Express.

A person can sit or lie, as well as eat and drink to excess. So the truth is, that there is an intemperance of inaction as well as of repletion; and of the two, an active life is, if possible, the most dangerous.

A WINDFALL.—A police constable in London, named John Barnes, has had 10,000l. bequeathed to him by his uncle, who died lately in Calcutta.

A PREVENTIVE.—The business of lock making has been discontinued among the prisoners at Sing Sing, as it enabled them when liberated, to be successful at picking locks.